The profits yet to come twixt me and you,
Good night. *Exit* Othello *and* Desdemona.

Enter Iago.

Cas. Welcome *Iago*, we must to the watch.

Iag. Not this houre Leiutenant, tis not yet ten aclock: our Generall cast vs thus early for the loue of his *Desdemena*. who let vs not therefore blame, hee hath not yet made wanton the night with her; and she is sport for *Ioue*.

Cas. She is a most exquisite Lady.

Iag. And I'le warrant her full of game.

Cas. Indeede she is a most fresh and delicate creature.

Iag. What an eye she has?
Me thinkes it sounds a parly of prouocation.

Cas. An inuiting eye, and yet me thinkes right moddest.

Iag. And when she speakes, tis an alarme to loue.

Cas. It is indeede perfection.

Iag. Well, happinesse to their sheetes --- come Leiutenant, I haue a stope of Wine, and heere without are a brace of *Cypres* Gallants, that would faine haue a measure to the health of the blacke *Othello*.

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*; I haue very poore and vnhappy braines for drinking: I could well wish courtesie would inuent some other custome of entertainement.

Iag. O they are our friends, --- but one cup: I'le drink for you.

Cas. I ha drunke but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified to, and behold what innouation it makes here: I am vnfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not taske my weakenesse with any more.

Iag. What man, tis a night of Reuells, the Gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iag. Here at the dore, I pray you call them in.

Cas. I'le do't, but it dislikes me. *Exit.*

Iag. If I can fasten but one cup vpon him,
With that which he hath drunke to night already,
Hee'll be as full of quarrell and offence,
As my young mistris dog: --- Now my sicke foole *Rodrigo*,
Whom loue has turn'd almost the wrong side outward,

To

To *Desdemona*, hath to night carou
Potations pottle deepe, and hee's t
Three lads of *Cypres*, noble swelling
That hold their honour, in a wary d
The very Elements of this warlike
Haue I to night flustred with flowi
And the watch too: now mongst t
I am to put our *Cassio* in some actio
That may offend the Isle;
But here they come:
If consequence doe but approoue m
My boate sailes freely, both with v
Cas. Fore God they haue giuen
Mon. Good faith a little one, n
As I am a souldier. *Iag.* S
And let me the Cannikin clinke,
And let me the Cannikin clinke,
A Souldier's a man, a life's but
Why then let a souldier drinke.
Cas. Fore God an excellent son
Iag. I learn'd it in *England*, wh
in potting: your *Dane*, your *Germa*
lander; drinke ho, are nothing to yo
Cas. Is your *English* man so exp
Iag. Why he drinkes you with
he sweats not to ouerthrow your
a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fi
Cas. To the health of our Gene
Mon. I am for it Leiutenant, a
Iag. O sweete *England*, --- Kin
His breeches cost him but a
He held 'em sixpence all too
With that he cald the Taylo
He was a wight of high rend
And thou art but of low deg
Tis pride that puls the Coun
Then take thine owd cloke a

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22305) LONDON, 1622 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.32)